

## ONE FOR COLUMBIA

She Beats Shamrock Handily in a Fair Breeze.

## OUTSAILED HER ALL ROUND

## The Race Was an Eye-Opener in More Respects Than One.

In the First Place Few Thought It Could  
Take Place, So Unfavorable Was the

Weather Outlook in the Early Morning—Then, Despite Her Showing in the Recent Flizzes, the Yankee Yacht Proved Herself Much the Better Boat to Windward—She Outfooted Her Rival Both On and Off the Wind, Finishing More Than Ten Minutes in the Lead—Sir Thomas Lipton Surprised, but Not Discouraged—Says He Wants to Race Again

The glory of "lifting" the treasured cup emblematic of the yachting supremacy of the world, probably will not fall to the lot of Sir Thomas Lipton. His green-hulled challenger, the Shamrock which has appeared so slipshod in light airs and baffling breezes, was fairly beaten yesterday over a sea course of thirty miles, fifteen on the wind and fifteen with the wind astern, by the Herreshoff racer, the Columbia.

The elapsed time of the victorious boat was 4 hours 53 minutes and 53 seconds, or 10 minutes and 14 seconds better than that of the Shamrock, which covered the course in 5 hours 4 minutes and 7 seconds. Deducting her time allowance of 8 seconds, the Shamrock was vanquished by 10 minutes and 8 seconds.

In the weather work over the first leg the Columbia was 9 minutes and 50 seconds better than the Shamrock, and in the run home, with all kites bellied, the Yankee clipper added 22

seconds to her lead. This, doubtless, would have been increased if the wind had not freshened, naturally helping the yacht astern, and partially closing the great gap of misty sea between her bow and the Columbia's stern. The breeze, which was from the east, varied in force from 4 to about 12 knots, but was true all day to direction.

The seas were somewhat lumpy and occasionally white crested, but they were not big.

enough to bether a catboat. In the windward work neither yacht was favored. In the run to the finish the element of chance apparently was with the Fire model. The contest, which was fairer than any ever sailed off the Hock, may be said to demonstrate that the Columbian is the better craft in a light or moderate breeze, kuffing her way to windward through smooth seas, and that she is also superior by a minute or more in a following breeze of moderate power. *Yachtmen who hate seas, then, Colum-*

**MORNING NOT PROMISING.**  
The day opened sullenly. Like most of the other seven days in which the mighty singlestickers vainly cruised seaward seeking weather, the tints, now and a lot, were leaden,

gray, or ocreous. There was no hope in the aspect of the bay to the few enthusiasts who looked lonesomely from the decks of tugs and excursion boats waiting at their docks. The towers of the lower town were invisible behind vapor veils. The muffled toots of whistles from invisible craft drifted in from the waters, and the ding-dong of melancholy bells from ferry racks seemed to knell the hopes of the weary ones who had resolved to give the yacht and the weather just one more chance. A cheerless

ness came as the easterly breeze, getting on a twelve-knot gait, began propelling the boats toward Jerseyward. That was about a o'clock. The talent on the racing yachts sniffed the invigorating brine, and prepared to get underway. The excursion flotilla, which had dwindled to less than a third of its strength on the remote day when the yachts first went out to race, steamed indolently down into the open. Their pilots apparently believed the

wasn't going to be any race anyhow. Most of the yachtsmen didn't get out to the red lightship until after the yachts had started. On the docks, some of the big shrewd fellows there were not more than a score of onlookers.

YACHTS OUT EARLY

The yachts were out early, as was also the committee boat, the Walter A. Luckenbach. She anchored south of the lightship and set signals indicating that the course would be

Eighteen miles to the east, or parallel with the Long Island coast. The boom of a gun from the Luckenbach at 10:15 warned the skippers to prepare for battle. The towering smoke maneuvered west of the line between the Lightship and the committee tug, picturesquely splitting tacks, their most voluminous triangular club topsails scraping the misty clouds from the sky. Besides these sails they were under main-sails, bowsprit-staysails. A Right of Life-boat, about that size, the first

When the starting gun was fired at 11 a.m., the yachts approached the line on the starboard tack, heading northeast. The Shamrock sought and obtained the weather berth, but only for a moment just before crossing the line. The Columbia pored off, probably to avoid a possible blundering by her rival. For a second or so they were nearly abeam. The Shamrock headed into the wind. The Columbia followed.

astern, and Capt. Barr, bluffing her quickly, brought her up on the weather quarter of the green ship. The handkerchief jibtopsail of the Columbia fluttered from the stay. A moment later the tiny jibtopsail of the Shamrock hoisted to the breeze. It was set flying. The Shamrock was three seconds ahead of the Yankee in crossing, and was timed at 11:01.03.

The sails of both ships were beautifully curved, and, as the ancient skippers have often remarked, "as hard as boards." The expert saw five minutes after the start that the Shamrock was no match for the Columbia on the wind in the ten or twelve knot breeze that was then sweeping little hollows in the sea. She couldn't "scratch the eyes of the wind" like the Cup defender. Her cloud-piercing elmsail didn't shiver, but it didn't help her to go where she wanted. She was footier, well-

There was a heavy haze lying along the surface of the sea, and the belated draft of the excursion fleet, rushing out under the single bell, were mere shadow shapes as seen from the boats accompanying the racers. Never was the scene kept clearer. Few could see without the aid of strong marine glasses exactly what was going on.

was going on aboard the yachts, as the patrol fleet kept every vessel a mile or more to leeward. Sometimes, when the racers struck a patch of low-lying mist, their hulls became invisible and even their wealth of rounded duck, high above the loftiest ship of the fleet, showed